Faithful to the Very End.

Grim Tragedy of Brooklyn Wife Who Passed Away at Her Front Window, Watching For the Husband Who Never Came.

People passing the house at 108 Berry street, Brooklyn, could see the form of Mrs. Margaret Dunn in the big chair at the front window. And now and then one of them who knew about her explained to a friend:

"She's waiting for her husband to come home. He has disappeared again. Sad case! You see, he was pretty well off once and lived up on Bedford avenue. Things went wrong, and he took less pretentious rooms here. Then about a month ago, because of thinking about what he had lost perhaps, he went a bit out of his head. He was old, anyhow—older than his wife there. She is fifty-five herself. He forgot where he lived while out walking, and it was several days before he came home.

"He found his home because while passing through the street here he happened to see his wife at the window. He could not forget her. The sight of her brought him back. So when he went away again about a week ago she sent the police after him and then took her seat by the window in the big chair. She is patient."

Through the weary hours of many days she had sat by that window, watching the passing crowds and hoping that among the forms that hurried past the house she would spy that of her husband. At night she continued her vigil, peering intensely at the dark outlines of the hurrying folk in the street and anxiously trying to detect the peculiar gait and the characteristic stoop of the man for whom she waited.

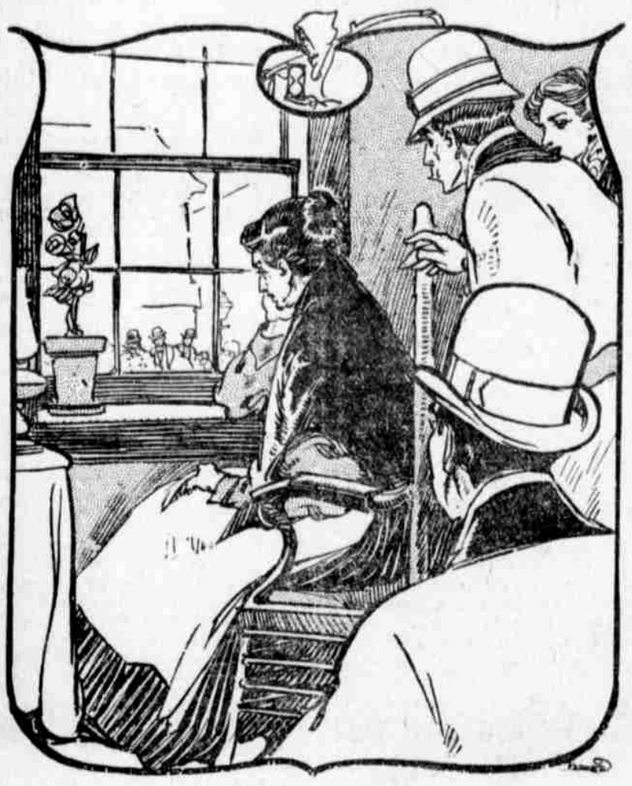
To the neighbors the woman had become a pitiful spectacle. Her devotion seemed inspiring to them, but they felt that some one ought to advise her to have some regard for her health. So one of them visited her and asked her whether there was anything he could do for her. She shook her head negatively, and the man left. One day Mrs. Dunn left her window long enough to write letters to several newspapers asking them to help her find her missing husband. When the letters were finished she dropped them from the window to a friend, who posted them. Then she seemed to draw the chair closer to the window and brace herself for the final watch.

The grim tragedy of the lone woman at the window finally aroused several of the neighbors to action. They decided that something should be done for her, and they went to her room with the intention of cheering her in her sorrow. When they received no response to their knocks they informed a policeman. He went to the house and forced open the door. He saw at once that the woman was dead. An ambulance was called, and the surgeon looked at the body.

"She's been dead several days," he said. "She died of grief and lack of nourishment."

A bank book found in the room showed Dunn had $500 on deposit when he disappeared. A letter also showed that Mrs. Dunn was the aunt of the Rev. Father McGill of Buffalo.

An effort was made by the police to locate Dunn and notify him of the death of his faithful spouse, but it was unsuccessful, and the funeral was held with only Mrs. Dunn's neighbors as mourners.



THE WOMAN WAS DEAD.

Last Impressions of a Suicide.

Man About to Take His Own Life Writes Notes Describing His Preparations For Death.

After writing a series of notes on his approaching end, Charles H. Shively, a Butler (Pa.) real estate agent, who had just lost his money, killed himself.

What appears to have been the first note written reads as follows:

"I am not enjoying myself here and therefore have determined to enter the eternal sleep of death."

The next letter reads as follows:

"I have just taken a shave and set the time for my taking off. I will fill in the time picking the banjo. I view with the utmost tranquillity my approaching end and thus defer the hour, though all is ready, to refute the idea of the miserable end of the so called infidels. I play the banjo with as much satisfaction as at any time in my life. I will take one ounce of laudanum and will use a bullet. I will go to the barn at daybreak."

The next notation is on the same sheet of paper as a footnote and would lead to the belief that Shively did go to the barn and, failing to end his life there, had slipped back to his deserted home and penciled the following:

"Eight p. m.—Did go. Have consumed two ounces of laudanum and fired three shots at myself, but missed. I will end it all here, however."

This was evidently the last word written by Shively, who, sitting by the kitchen table, took good aim at himself, blowing off the top of his head.

Six Kisses a Day His Limit.

Chicago Husband Leaves His Unhappy Home to Escape From a Too Loving Wife.

Six kisses a day are the limit for Ora M. Leedom of Chicago. He promised detectives who arrested him for deserting his wife that he would stay with her on that basis. They found him in Springfield, Ill., where he went seven weeks ago.

"It's a case of too much 'lovey dovey' business," said Leedom. "My wife is a good woman and a fine housekeeper, but she's too strong on the love business to suit me.

"Now, I'm not a chilly guy, but I don't want a woman kissing me all the time. When I come home from work in the evening I like to sit down and read the paper. My wife would want me to hold hands and say foolish things.

"A few days before I jumped out of town some actress down in New York made a hit with a kiss that lasted forty-seven seconds. When my wife read about that in the paper she said she could beat it with one hand tied behind her back. I don't mind a little kiss now and then, but I draw the line at more than six a day."

Nun Elopes From Iowa Convent

Little Sister of Mercy Walks Barefooted Through Snow to Meet and Wed Her Sweetheart.

Sister Elizabeth of the Sisters of Mercy, attached to St. Bernard's convent, Council Bluffs, Ia., recently eloped from that institution and was married in Omaha to Raymond Dye of St. Joseph, Mo.

Raymond Dye, the bridegroom, was employed temporarily in Council Bluffs. He became acquainted with the pretty nun while at work some time ago in the hospital at the convent. Love grew and culminated into mutual love despite convent rules and discipline.

The little sister escaped from the institution with the help of Mr. Dye's friends. Some one in the convent fired at the escaping couple, but without more serious effect than to frighten them into a swifter pace.

Sister Elizabeth escaped in her bare feet and walked through the snow in that condition to the residence of friends of Dye, where she was taken and protected until the marriage was celebrated.

Those who saw her at the time of the ceremony say she was none the worse for her thrilling experience, but was as rosy and happy as a bride should be.

The convent officials are maintaining the strictest secrecy about the affair, but all sorts of rumors are afloat concerning the escapade. Sister Elizabeth, who is only twenty-six years old, was known to the world as Lizzie M. Welch. Her home is in Chicago. She gave the latter city as her address in the marriage license.

Banker Shoots Italian Bandit.

Elizabeth Street (New York) Capitalist, Threatened by Phone by Black Hand, Tells His Foes to "Come Around." They Do So to Their Sorrow.

A band of three Black Hand thugs recently made a daring attempt to hold up the big Italian bank of Pasquale Pati & Sons at 240 Elizabeth street, New York city.

The banker and his son-in-law, Luis Gartiere, both skilled in the use of firearms, opened such a fusillade on the robbers that the leader of the gang was riddled with bullets and fell dying in front of the cashier's window. The others, panic stricken, fled into the street and made good their escape.

The wounded man was taken to St. Vincent's hospital and there in the presence of a priest made confession to Coroner Acritelli.

"I know I am going to die, and I tell the truth," said he. But his statement was incoherent, improbable and incomplete. He died without naming any accomplices.

Pasquale Pati, the head of the banking firm, owns 140 tenement houses and an equal number of vacant lots in the city, lives in a mansion at 146 Ocean parkway, Brooklyn, and has a garage filled with automobiles. He is accounted the wealthiest Italian in the country.

The cupidity of the blackmailers is believed to have been aroused by the banker's practice of keeping about a half a million of dollars in gold and bills displayed in his window, on his counters and in conspicuous receptacles in his open safe. Nowhere in the city is there such a display of such wealth, and it is considered to be one of the sights of the Italian quarter.

For fourteen years his wealth has attracted the Black Hand fraternity, and his mail has become burdened with threatening letters.

Once his store was set afire. Then on Jan. 23 a bomb was exploded in front of his bank, shattering the plate glass window where he had gold displayed. He was finally called up over the telephone and admonished to comply with the demands or meet his fate.

"Go to h—, or come around here and I'll fill you full of lead," he told them.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon they came—three of them. It was the busiest hour of the busiest day of the week. The leader of the gang strode up to the window where the banker stood and, leveling a revolver, said in Italian:

"Now, all of you stand still."

Mrs. Pati was in the cage at the banker's left, and his son Salvatore stood at his right. Farther back in the room, in a separate cage devoted to a branch postoffice, was Mr. Pati's son-in-law, Luis Gartiere. The banker seized a revolver from his desk and fired five shots at the man, emptying the weapon.

Almost simultaneously Gartiere, from the rear of the room, opened fire, and the robber fell to the floor. As he dropped he cried out:

"Arrest me! Lock me up! Lock me up!"

On account of the enormous number of laborers who go to the bank to deposit their earnings Saturdays the police department always stations a number of Italian detectives from Petrosino's staff near by. Officer John O'Connell rushed to the scene and was followed by Archia Poli and half a dozen others.

They arrested the banker, his son-in-law and the wounded man. An Italian named Michele D'Augustino, who made a violent effort to escape, was taken into custody as a witness, though it took four men to overpower him.

The Black Hand leader was bleeding and growing weak. At the hospital he was found to have a bullet through his head, another through the hand, and a third had entered his shoulder and lodged near the lungs. In his pockets were found seventeen cartridges, but no revolver. He said he threw the weapon on the floor before he was shot, but a search of the bank failed to reveal it.

He gave two names, Francesco Pollatro and Giuseppe Saplo.

"I don't know who my parents were," he said. "Some call me by one name and some by the other."

He gave his address as 241 Elizabeth street, which is just across the street from the bank. He appeared to be a laborer about forty years old. He had about $11 in his pocket.

While in the face of death and pleading with the priest to absolve him from his many sins the man told his story as follows:

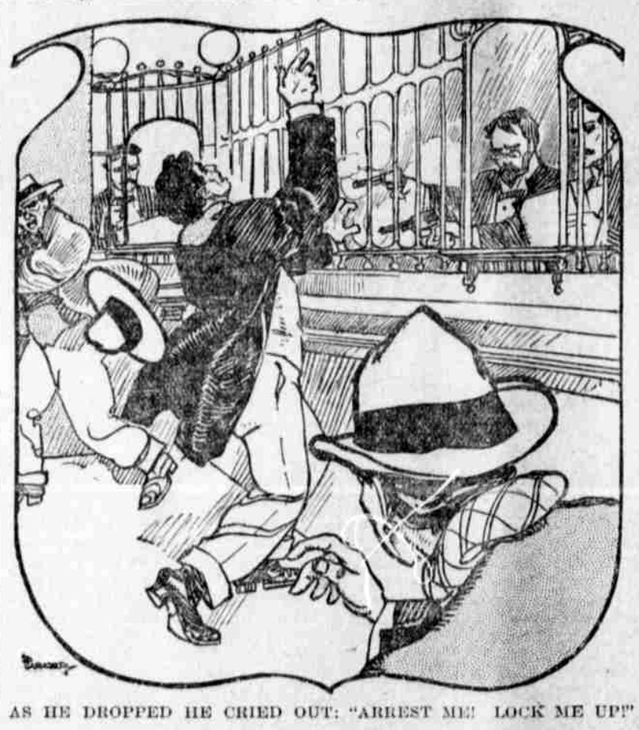
"This morning I went down to where the elevated roads meet—Chatham square—and bought a pistol; then I went to Pati.

"'Either you get me arrested or I shoot you and whole family,' I told him; then I threw down my gun, and he shot me. I do not blame him. I wanted to get arrested, for I would be killed tonight anyway. I wanted to get locked up so they wouldn't kill me. They have been following me for many days.

"I lost my job and could get no work. I didn't care whether I lived or died, for I die tonight anyway."

All attempts to elicit an explanation of these mysterious statements brought only incoherent replies, for his life was fast ebbing away.

The detectives interpret his statement to mean that he was commanded by the real perpetrators of the outrage to rob the bank or meet death at their hands and that they were following him to see that he did it. When he fell wounded he feared that he would be murdered or tortured by the society for failing in his attempt and wanted to be locked up for protection from the Black Hand's vengeance.



AS HE DROPPED HE CRIED OUT: "ARREST ME! LOCK ME UP!"

Undone by Illegitimate Love.

New Light on the Case of Captain Baron von Goeben, Who Murdered His Superior Officer and Then Cut His Throat In Prison.

The German war office has sent instructions to Allenstein ordering the fullest inquiry made into the death of Baron von Goeben, details of which are now forthcoming. One morbidly interesting conclusion is that he must have bribed the keeper who took his meals to him not to observe the disappearance of the knife, which, being intentionally blunt, he sharpened to a somewhat rough edge on the bottom of the course prison plate with his back against the door so that the guardian specially stationed outside with instructions to watch the prisoner carefully and look through the peephole at least every quarter of an hour could not see him holding the rough edged weapon in his left hand.

With extraordinary courage the baron went through what must necessarily have been the slow operation of gashing his neck on the right side until he completely severed the jugular vein, the blood spurting all over the walls of the narrow cell. When he had completed his task the knife fell out of his hand, and his head was found supported by his right hand.

Two letters were found, one to the baron's regiment, saying he could not bear to face a trial which would bring disgrace on his uniform, and a second one saying that he had been hypnotized by the magnetic charms and attractions of Frau von Schoenbeck. He couldn't now, he wrote, imagine how he had allowed himself to act as he had done.

It appears that he had long contemplated suicide, but promised on the name of his mother and of his regiment not to do so. Extracts from his letters to his paramour couched in exaggeratedly passionate terms show how completely he was under her domination.

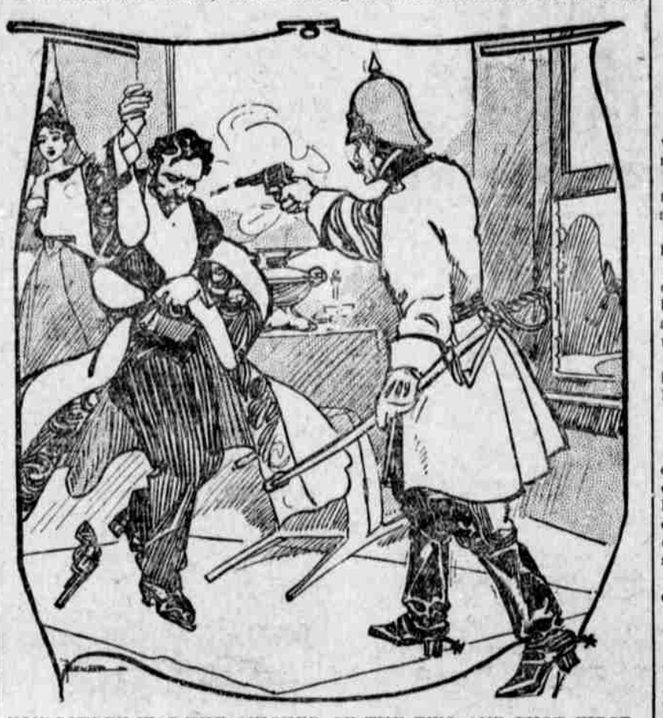
Baron von Schrenck-Notzing, an expert alienist, who on behalf of the court spent four days in a cell with Captain Baron von Goeben for the purpose of forming an opinion as to Von Goeben's mental condition, declares that he was not insane, but in a condition of complete infatuation with Frau von Schoenbeck. The alienist adds that Von Goeben was so sensitive to hypnotic suggestion that he acted through suggestion, his normal mental powers being partially in suspense.

Von Goeben talked over with the alienist the circumstances which led up to the murder of Major von Schoenbeck. He spoke in a very simple way of the exalted feeling he had for Frau von Schoenbeck, saying she had related to him her sufferings at the hands of her husband. She would not permit Von Goeben to challenge her husband to a duel.

Finally, on Christmas day, Von Goeben, who was still on friendly terms with the major, had dinner with him and his wife. He was with them from 2 o'clock in the afternoon until 9 in the evening. During a moment that the major was in an adjoining room Frau von Schoenbeck led Von Goeben under the Christmas tree and asked him to make oath that he would bring matters to an end, as she could endure the torture no longer. Von Goeben swore as the woman asked him to, and he made up his mind to return after leaving the house and seek a duel with the major. He wanted no witnesses at the encounter.

In order to give the major a chance for his life Von Goeben entered the house by a window in the dining room, which he had purposely left unfastened, and made a noise. The major then came in with a revolver in his hand. When he saw Von Goeben he exclaimed in astonishment. As soon as he caught sight of the revolver in Von Goeben's hand he raised his own weapon to fire. Von Goeben was the quicker of the two and shot first. The major fell unconscious, with a bullet hole in his forehead.

In relating these incidents Von Goeben told the alienist that his love for Frau von Schoenbeck permitted him to master the pangs of conscience. After his arrest and incarceration Frau von Schoenbeck lost her power over the baron, his conscience awoke and he confessed his crime.



VON GOEBEN WAS THE QUICKER OF THE TWO AND SHOT FIRST.

Hanged by a Collar Button.

Nurse Suspended by the Neck Under Bed of Man Who Had Just Lost His Appendix.

Miss Mary Brodie, a nurse in St. Mary's hospital, Jamaica, N. Y., nearly lost her life in a remarkable manner. She hung suspended by her own collar until life was well nigh extinct. Then her collar button broke and she was released.

She was scrubbing under the bed of a patient who had recently undergone an operation for appendicitis. Her collar button caught in the springs. She found herself suspended, with her breath almost wholly shut off.

She tried to unhook her collar. The bed was too close to the floor, and there was not sufficient free room. She essayed to burst the collar by jerking her head downward. She only succeeded in bumping her nose, while the springs, yielding to the strain, sagged and then drew her back. She pressed herself upward against the springs until through the lessening of the tension upon her throat she was enabled to get some air.

The sick man was conscious that something untoward was happening. His extreme weakness kept him from helping the nurse. He tried to press an electric bell button, but failed.

Suddenly the button snapped. She fell and remained upon the floor until she recovered her strength. Then she crawled out from under the bed and reported the incident to the head nurse, under whose ministrations she soon became herself again.

"I guess I was hanging for twelve or fifteen minutes," she said. "Every minute seemed an age. I thought I surely would be strangled."

Sap Destroys Lumberman's Sight.

Edward Spendlove, a timber expert of St. John, N. B., who passed through Guadalajara, Mexico, a few weeks ago on his way to the coast country of Michoacan, has been brought back totally blind. While making an inspection of a tract of timber in Michoacan Spendlove came to a peculiar looking tree and struck it with an ax he was carrying. Instantly a quantity of sap spurted from the tree, striking the man in the face and entering his eyes. The sap had the properties of a strong acid and burned its way into the eyeballs and into the flesh of the face. Spendlove was blinded, and physicians here say that his eyes have been permanently injured and that he will never see again. He will be taken to his home. The tree is thought to be a species of poison oak. The natives in that part of Mexico have known of the dangerous properties of the sap for many years.

BILL JONES.

Bill Jones he owns the grocery store
Where all the fellers go
An' set each night an' spin their yarns
A most impressive row.
Bill seldom spins a yarn himself,
Jest uses of his ears
An' says, in confidence, he don't
Believe quite all he hears.

Bill Jones he sets all by himself
Behind the counter there
An' listens to the things they say,
With sad an' patient air,
An' of he ketches trade enough
From them who nightly dwell
To pay him fur his fight an' heat
He thinks he's doin' well.

Bill Jones he figures ev'ry night
On paper broad an' brown
The age of ev'ry setter there,
From Uncle Ezra down.
Bill says, "Ef they hev done ez much
Ez they make out, by swish,
They've lived two hundred years apiece
An' ketched a million fish!"

—Joe Cone in New York Sun.

"Passing the Hat."

Stung!

The leap year girl had just proposed.

"But I don't earn enough to support a wife," protested the cautious young man.

"Oh, that's all right," assured the maid eagerly. "We can live on bread and cheese and kisses."

But the cautious young man shook his head.

"No," he replied, "that would never do. If you baked the bread it would kill me. I could never endure cheese, and there are microbes in kisses. Good night!"

Calling for his hat and cane, he vanished into the blackness of the night.—Minneapolis Journal.

Her Kind Deed.

At a meeting of a Band of Mercy class in a small town near Denver each child relates the kind deed he or she has recently done. One day the teacher asked little Emily to relate the kind deed she had done. She quickly rose and said:

"I took off a tin can tied to a little dog's tail."

The teacher asked, "Did you know who tied it on?"

"Yes," replied Emily, with hesitation. "I didn't know any kind deed to report, so I tied it on so that I could take it off."

The Witty Widow.

"The idea of stopping your machine to flirt with me!" said the pretty little widow at the crossroads. "Why, you missed a mile in the race."

"Oh, I don't mind that," laughed the handsome young man in the big racing machine. "You know a miss is as good as a mile."

The little widow laughed merrily.

"That may be," she hastened, "but I am not a miss; I am a widow."—St. Louis Republic.

So Indelicate.

"Mrs. Flummery had a charmingly unique birthday party last week."

"Delightful affair, of course?"

"It was very delightful up to the time the hostess was seized with a fainting spell."

"What caused it?"

"Somebody asked how old she was."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Likely to Be Late This Time.

"No, I really can't wait another minute. I agreed to meet my wife at 11:30."

"But you don't expect her to be on time, do you?"

"Yes. I'm to hand her the money for a new hat."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Result.

"Cashit's problem now is how to break into society. You know he has the social bee in his bonnet."

"Humph! He'll soon find the answer to that problem."

"What is it?"

"Stung!"—Denver News-Times.

The Problem.

"Literature is very difficult," said one authoress.

"Yes," answered the other. "The problem is to be a financial success without being a social failure."—Washington Star.

Just Like It.

Redd—I understand that new automobile of yours goes like the wind?

Greene—That's right. Nobody can tell just when the wind is going to start or when it is going to stop.—Yonkers Statesman.

Preventive Measure.

"Doctor, do you think there is any real danger of being buried alive?"

"Not if you die first," responded the doctor, he being too busy for foolishness.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Nature Fake Talk.

"Huh," sneered the swan, "you're nothing but a quack!"

"Well," rejoined the duck, "I'd rather be a quack than a rubber neck."—Houston Post.